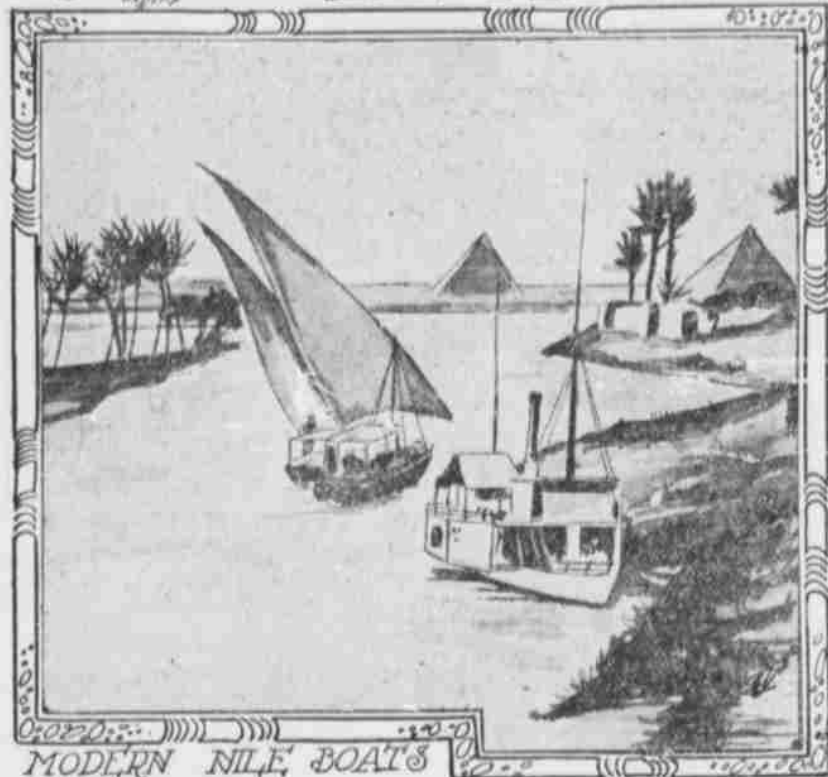


At Khartoum in Winter



MODERN NILE BOATS

For those whose desires lie outside the beaten track of globe trotter and tourist, the upper reaches of the Nile offer great inducements. Leaving Cairo by train, one starts from what will one day be the northern terminus of the great "Cape to Cairo" railway, and travels steadily southwards over the desert for two days. Then a change is made to a Nile steamer, which southward, ever southward, slowly forges its way against the current of that mighty river whose history goes back to such remote impenetrable ages of antiquity. In another two days Wady Halfa is reached, and thence a light military railway bears the weary and disheveled traveler at length to Khartoum. Over 20 years have passed since Gordon's magnificent defense of the city against the Mahdi's hordes and his tragic fate at the hands of the Derwishes, thrilled all England to its depths. For the following 14 years the town was practically an abandoned ruin, the khalfia holding his court at Omdurman, on the other side of the river. Then, with the reconquest of the Sudan by Lord Kitchener, in 1898, everything was changed, and Khartoum arose proudly from its ruins to be once more the capital of that vast desert empire whose resources are as yet hardly realized and are absolutely undeveloped. The old palace, where the great general met his death, was merely a ruined shell, haunted, as the superstitious natives averred, by his uneasy spirit, so it was decided to erect a new palace wherein the sirdar and his retinue might be fittingly housed. On the site of the former building arose the Gordon college, a really fine educational institution. Since then have risen in rapid succession a military hospital, an English church and a hotel, with lines of barracks and officers' quarters, dominating the quaint huts and low narrow bazaars which constitute the native city.

In the summer months it is said of Khartoum by those who have the misfortune to remain there that, had Dante visited it he would have added another canto to his "Inferno," only the opinion is generally expressed in language more terse than polite. The thermometer stands at 122 degrees in the shade, and the pitiless sun blazes down on the hot glaring desert, varied by periodical sandstorms, when the wind whirls down on the unhappy place with terrific violence, burying everybody and everything under a layer of choking sand. In addition, all the myriad descendants of that swarm of flies who constituted the fourth plague of Egypt lead one to fervently sympathize with the unfortunate subjects of King Pharaoh.

But with the month of October a change comes over the scene. The mercury gradually falls until it reaches 85 degrees or so, a freshness creeps into the dry bracing atmosphere, the nights become cooler and more restful, and the season is at hand. Those lady members of the English colony who have betaken themselves to Cairo, Alexandria, or even England, return, like birds to their nests, for the feminine element during the hot weather consists solely of the missionaries and a couple of enforcedly stoical army medical sisters. The quaint curiosity shops in the bazaar furnish up their goods, the English church holds on Sunday a fair-sized and smartly-dressed congregation, the hotel shows signs of life, and finally, with a grand flourish of trumpets the Sirdar and Lady Wingate arrive, take up their abode in the palace, and another season has begun.

Both the Sirdar and his wife are immensely popular, and contribute not a little to the gaiety of the city by entertaining frequently and giving a succession of dinners, dances and garden parties throughout the season. Their entertainments, too, have anything but the stiff, formal air which usually characterized official gatherings, and their dinner parties are especially popular. The guests arrive in the little donkey-carriages known as arabeas, which constitute the chief mode of locomotion in Khartoum.

toom, and sit down at rose-decked tables to be waited on by dark-skinned Arabs in their picturesque attire, the repast being followed by an informal dance or by parlor games, amongst which musical chairs, in which every body joins with zest, is the Sirdar's favorite.

Amongst the community at large picnics are perhaps the most usual form of amusement, and one in which a good deal of variety can be obtained. Water-picnics are the chief favorites, a start being made early in the morning on one of the Nile steam-launches, the destination being some village or ruined temple not too far distant. The scenery is in parts exceedingly picturesque, owing its beauty to the striking coloring patches of vividly green herbage, alternating with strips of golden yellow sand, and over all the glorious azure of the cloudless sky, whilst a string of camels or a family of crocodiles basking in the sun add a finishing touch to the picture. When passing by a village, the natives eagerly flock to the banks to see the English people, to whom they will freely offer handfuls of luscious dates or bowls of frothing goat's milk, the dark faces sometimes strikingly handsome, alive with animation and interest.

Moonlight picnics, too, are extremely popular, enhanced by the joys of scampering over the desert on the back of a sturdy donkey, the almost inevitable means of locomotion, walking being practically an impossibility. The motion is swift, not unpleasant, albeit somewhat jerky, the donkey being continually stimulated to fresh efforts by the shrill cries of the Sudanese boys who run alongside. The setting forth of a donkey cavalcade for a picnic is usually attended by a little excitement, accompanied by much gesticulation and vociferation on the part of the donkey boys. A runaway has to be captured and ignominiously brought back and some obstinate asinine spirits have to be coerced, but eventually all is ready, and the procession makes its way to some rendezvous where the servants, sent on ahead, have prepared a meal in readiness for their masters' arrival.

As regards home life in Khartoum for those whose duties lie in the Sudan, there are, of course, manifold difficulties and discomforts to be surmounted; yet, for at least six months in the year life may be at least endurable, not to say pleasant. Houses are large and fairly well-built, with good-sized lofty rooms and sleeping out on the flat roofs is a habit frequently if not usually indulged in, in spite of such minor drawbacks as the possibility of the sudden descent of a swarm of locusts.

Servants are obtainable in the shape of Sudanese men, black as soot, who are usually attired in spotless white garments with colored sashes. They are absolutely honest and wonderfully economical, making excellent cooks, who will contrive to set forth quite an astonishing variety of dishes manufactured from the slightest materials. They are curiously child-like in intellect and exceedingly quarrelsome amongst themselves, getting carried away to such an extent by anger over some trifling detail that they will fling half a dozen of one's most cherished dinner-plates at one another. The crash brings the mistress upon the scene, and her anger effectually cools the ebullience of the servants, which is succeeded by abject penitence and promises of good behavior in the future.

Napoleon's Name.

The name Napoleon written in Greek characters will form seven different words by dropping the final letter of each in succession.

When read, these words form a complete sentence, meaning, "Napoleon, the destroyer of whole cities, was the lion of his people."—The Sunday Magazine.

Auto Scatters Seditious Tracts.

A mysterious automobile has been exciting St. Petersburg. It traverses the streets at a furious pace, scattering revolutionary documents. The police have been unable to capture it.

JIM

By B. T. Kahmann

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We all liked Jim, not a man in the whole camp who was not his friend. The first time Jim made his appearance was on a chill September morning. I was walking to the mine when I heard a cheery whistle and, turning, beheld a tall, stalwart young fellow, dark eyes, a smiling mouth, and at once I took a fancy to him.

I smiled involuntarily and held forth my hand. He grasped it eagerly and, shaking it, turned his head as if to hide his emotion. "You are the first man to treat me like this, and you ain't never going to regret it."

I raised my eyes, looking at the firm square jaw, and into the honest face, and answered, "I know I shall not."

From that day Jim remained. He was always Jim; no one knew him by any other name, and he offered no explanations. No one asked who he was, where he came from, what he had done, or how long he intended to stay. They all met him quietly and gladly accepted his presence, and soon every man, woman and child was his own particular friend.

Jim was no model, not by any means. He loved to stand before the Golden Gate bar, most of his earnings going to that source, but he never indulged too freely, and he was never known to be seen under the influence of liquor. He was fond of playing cards being one of his favorite amusements. He was much delighted when he won, but he always played fairly and squarely, and was never accused of cheating.

The little children in particular loved Jim. He was wont to sit with a dozen or more perched about him, one on each knee, some leaning confidently against him; all eagerly listening to some tale which he could so skillfully invent. Many a trinket found its way into their homes, and it was always Jim's deed.

One bright and sunny morning a group of men were leaning and lounging in the Golden Gate bar. Jim and I were at a table playing cards.

"The devil! I've won again!" cried Jim, slapping his knee in delight.

"I bet that is the last game you ever win," I retorted jokingly.

Scarcely had I spoken when the door was flung open and a man, panting and breathless, threw himself into the room. "The dam in the mine has given way."

"Great God!" The cards slipped from my hands as I realized the terrible meaning of his words.

"The miners will be drowned like rats in a trap; there ain't no way to get out," the man continued.

I saw Jim turn pale as he put down the cards. He seemed to study for a moment, then rose saying, "Yes, there is a way, only one way; they can't get out of the east shaft, because that is blocked by the breaking of the dam, but the wall, by breaking that the pressure of the water will be released, the water will rush through the opening, and a few hours' work will set them free."

"Do you know what it means to break that wall? Death for the one who attempts it. The water will surge out with such a tremendous force, taking everything in its way, and the man—he would scarcely have time to realize his fate."

He did not flinch; he acted as if there were no need for excitement, as if it were an every-day affair. "You spoke truly when you said that was my last game of cards. It is, pal, for Jim will never hold another ace."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that that wall must be broken, and I am the man to break it, and I don't think it likely that I shall ever play after that."

"Jim, you are crazy!" The exclamation fell from 20 lips in a single chorus.

"Oh, no I ain't; but it's got to be done."

We sprang forward, grasping him by the arms, but he shook himself free.

"Let me go, boys, of what good am I anyway? I never did anything in my life. Why not let me do this? You can't go; you have all got wives and children. Think of them and of the men in the mine, struggling for life and freedom, with that awful death in store for them. If no one goes and helps, hundreds, your best friends and all, will drown in the mine, when they can be so easily saved. What is the cost of one life when it will save hundreds? Who will mourn and weep when they bring me back so cold and still? There won't be any tears, because there is no one who cares, and if those hundreds perish, how great will be the ruin and disaster. You must let me go. Look! see those mothers. Listen to the songs upon their lips and see their smiling faces. Will they ever smile or sing if their husbands do not return to-night? See the little children; who will care for them if the father comes no more? What will those women so utterly helpless and dependent, what will they do if some one is not willing to take the risk? And then look at me. Will they be sad when I am gone? No. Will they be deprived of any delight and joy when Jim is hidden? No. Oh! you may be sorry, but that will vanish and soon the sun will shine just as brightly, the birds sing just as sweetly for you as if there had been no Jim."

A lump which I could not swallow came into my throat, and the others hid their faces. He looked so young and boyish, so strong and full of life, that to think of him still in death chilled our very hearts and minds.

"I ain't so good that I like to think of dying, but it has got to be. One or a hundred. One would be much better. You have all been mighty good to me, and I want to thank you. Think kindly of me, boys, and—don't forget too soon, as I'd like to be remembered."

He slowly shook hands with us, one by one. The lips of the boys were drawn and it seemed to me that I was committing a crime. Just as he held my hand a sunny-haired girl ran up to Jim. "We wants a tory," she lisped.

He stooped and tossed her into the air. "Jim won't tell stories any more. Jim's going away."

"No, Jim ain't go," she sobbed, clasping him about the neck as if to prevent. "Where is Jim going?"

"Way off, where they don't worry and where they ain't down on a man because he ain't rich and great; where everything is so nice and sweet, and where even Jim can learn to be good."

The child stared at him in amazement. "That must be heaven, Jim!"

"It is heaven, I hope, and some day you will meet me over there." He kissed her softly, placing her upon the ground, while she ran to tell the rest.

"Follow me, but don't try to help." He hastened to the door, sprang upon the back of his mare and turned. His face was lighted with a smile, but it was transixed with a new radiance. The face of the rough miner was made beautiful by the greatness and nobility of his deed and sacrifice.

We followed, and as we waited we could hear the thud, thud, thud of his hammer and the grating of his chisel, and even the falling of stone. He began to whistle the same old tune he loved so well—an old church hymn. We stood with bowed heads and beating hearts waiting for the end.

Then came a horrible, intense, deathlike stillness, which was quickly answered by a terrific explosion and report, as if a hundred cannons had gone off. The sound was that of a rock-crusher, as the stone fell, and the pieces of coal and dirt went seething past. Then again the silence, the ebbing and swirling of black, dark waters as they poured forth, rushing out, pell mell.

We stood, hoping against hope, yet knowing all the time how utterly useless it was. Presently we caught sight of a hand and his body floated to us. The dark face was partly crushed and discolored with blood, but there was a smile upon his lips. He had saved the miners and Jim had passed to his reward in the Great Beyond.

ON A BUSINESS BASIS.

Buyers Conscience Would Not Allow Him to Take Present.

Martin Van Camp, a wholesale purveyor of Omaha, was talking the other day about buyers.

"My salesmen," he said, "would always prefer to deal directly with the heads of firms instead of with buyers. With the heads everything always is open and aboveboard. But in the case of buyers, anything one does seems to smack of trickery and deceit."

"A certain New York buyer for a big firm ordered from a salesman of mine last week a large consignment of turkeys. The salesman, pleased with the order, took the buyer a box of 100 expensive cigars. It was an honorable enough performance, but the buyer, when the present was offered to him, got mad."

"Look out," he said, warningly. "None of that. You can't bribe me, you know."

"The salesman was vexed, but he put a good face on the matter."

"Bribe you?" he exclaimed. "Why, man, you must be crazy. Who wants to bribe you? This was a simple little present, the same as I've made frequently to your employer. But if you won't have it as a present, why, buy it from me. Give me a quarter for it."

"The buyer's suspicions vanished. He searched his pockets."

"I haven't got a quarter," he said. "I've got nothing less than this half dollar."

"And I," said the salesman, hoping after all that he wouldn't have to take the buyer's money—"and I haven't got a cent of change."

"But the buyer nevertheless thrust the half dollar on him."

"Keep it all," he said, "and you can bring me another box on your next trip."

Driving a Bargain.

"Tommy," said his mother, "if I give you a piece of pie will you try to be a good boy?"

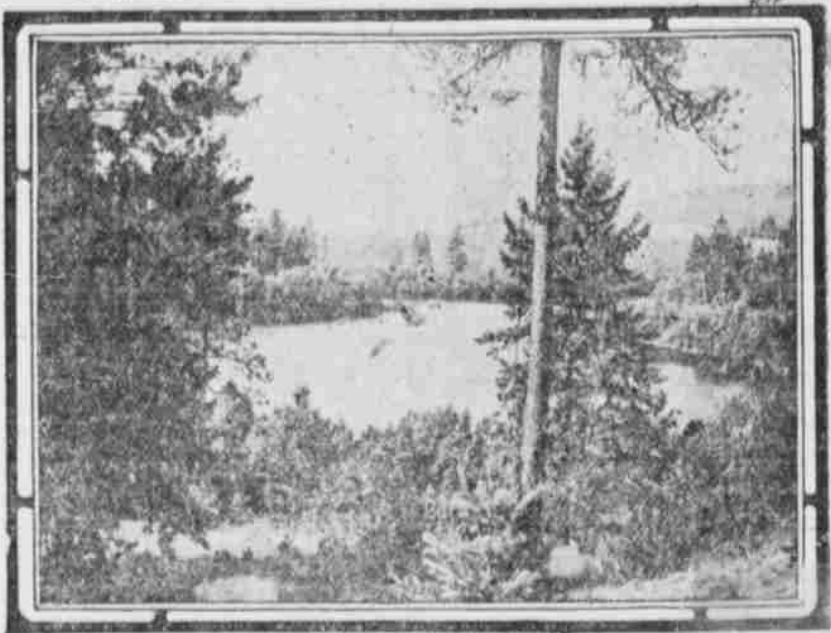
"Yes, ma'am," replied Tommy, "and I'll try to be gooder if you'll give me two pieces."

A Rebuke.

The Butler—The house is on fire, madam. Here are all the hand grenades.

Mrs. Pacckill—You should have brought them on a tray, Williams.—Life.

A WONDERFUL CITY of MARBLE



EAGLE LAKE

The entire Pacific Northwest is talking about the discovery in Stevens county, Washington, of the most wonderful marble deposits in the world, deposits which rival those of the famed Carrara mines of Italy and make the great marble beds of Vermont a mere side show.

In this most wonderful country of a wonderful inland empire are mountains of marble rising abruptly from the banks of the Columbia river to a height of from 200 to 800 feet and extending back from the river for more than one mile—solid mountains of marble containing all of the finest varieties manufactured in any country and sold at fancy prices. In connection with these almost unlimited and unestimated marble deposits there have been discovered several of the most beautiful lakes imaginable, marble lakes with banks and bottoms which rival the beauties of many famous collections of marble statuary in the museums and in the homes of millionaires.

These lakes are huge marble basins filled with crystalline water of a purity which gives back to the surface such a perfect picture of tinted beauty as can be seen in no other place. Around one of these exquisite marble lakes—Eagle lake it is called—not more than three miles from the town of Bessburg a large marble company has perfected plans for the construction of a marble town. It is planned to make the entire town and the future city of solid marble, polished and tinted in such a manner as to make a fairytale place read of in story books and seen in the dreams of childhood.

The beauties of the lake around which the marble town is to be built are indescribable. The shores are prettily wooded and the oval marble banks slope gently down to the surface of the water. Every portion of the bottom of this wonderful lake can be clearly seen through the opalescent waters and the tinting and coloring of the marble are easily distinguished. Around this lake and around this future city it is likely that the greatest marble industry in the world will, in time, center. The only marble deposits which compare with those in Stevens county in extent are those of the Caharra mountain in Italy, from which marble has been quarried for the past 2,500 years.

It was not until 1893 that the discovery was made. Prior to that time every one supposed that the great white mountain-like formations skirting the bank of the Columbia was limestone, so white had it weathered in the ages that have passed. Not until then did any one take the trouble to ascertain that the purest and best quality of marble had been thrown up there by the hand of nature in exactly the most natural spot to quarry. Not until a comparatively recent date was it determined that the marble deposits were of such inexhaustible character. Since then marble mills have been erected in Spokane and the development of the marble quarries has been rapid. Chicago capital and Chicago enterprise are largely responsible for this. F. H. Sammis of Chicago is now in charge of the Spokane mills, which are cutting and polishing ten car loads of marble daily for the market.

The serpentine marble from these quarters is the greenest ever discovered, is of ivory-like texture and sells for \$15 per cubic foot. Many of the less fine grades sell from \$6 to \$12 per cubic foot. It costs but 50 cents per cubic foot to quarry the marble, and it can be delivered at New York at an expense of \$1.40 and at Chicago for \$1 per cubic foot. From this it can be seen that it pays to own a good marble quarry. The Stevens county marble is in position to compete successfully with the Italian and with the Vermont marble in every market.

There are several good reasons for this. The main reasons are the superiority of quality and the cheapness of quarrying. Most marbles are quarried beneath the surface and hoisted out. The Washington marble are quarried and then skidded down the mountain side to the cars. Other marble industries lease land and build railroads in order to get rid of their waste material. The Stevens county marble man simply dumps his waste down the mountain side, upon which there is an abundant supply of lumber.

a supply sufficient for all building purposes and for all packing and crating for at least 20 years to come.

Within 20 miles of the marble beds the enormous energy which lies in the falls of the Kettle river is being harnessed with a view to furnishing cheap electric power for quarrying purposes. The marble deposits are along the right of way of the Spokane Falls & Northern road, which is now owned and operated by the Great Northern, and James J. Hill is offering special inducements in the way of freight rates to develop this wonderful country.

In the New York market Italian Pavanazza never sells for less than \$12 per cubic foot. It is a badly shattered marble. The Stevens county marble duplicates all of the Italian markings, surpasses it in beauty, presents a perfect solidity, and can be quarried and sold in New York for \$6 per cubic foot with a net profit of \$3.70 per cubic foot.

The beds from which this matchless marble comes rise from the sandy flats of the river, appearing in some places in long, unbroken slopes up which one may climb to a height of 500 to 700 feet above the river level, traveling on solid marble all the way. These slopes are in many places smooth and solid, the pattern of the marble showing unbroken at the surface. In other places the marble rises above the river level in great bluffs, one above another. In many places the marble is found in smooth floors at the summits and in broad slopes drooping to the river banks. At the surface it is remarkably solid, indicating that the beds lie undisturbed to a great depth. Its broad, unbroken surface of white displaying bold markings of blue and jet black. Frequently the top of the mass can be found floors an acre in expanse which are as smooth, hard and even as a rolled and leveled asphalt pavements.

A great deal of the marble at the surface is cream tinted and is crossed with jet black veins, resembling in pattern the famous Pavanazza marble of Italy, but much more solid and free from the pit holes which damage the Italian product. It takes an extremely high polish and retains it, and its texture is dense, uniform and very fine crystalline, showing in many places marked translucency. There is one tract alone of this marble destined to rival the Pavanazza which contains 1,310 acres and which is capable of producing the finest marble for centuries to come without exhausting the supply.

This is not the only factor which has given Stevens county the reputation in the Northwest of being one of the most wonderful counties in the United States. Stevens is the northeast corner county of Washington and contains 2,945 square miles of territory and about 18,000 people. The Spokane Falls & Northern road bisects it north and south and provides it with markets. It is semi-mountainous, and in its mountains are gold and silver for the treasure hunter, copper and lead for the industries, lime and cement, quarries of onyx and jasper, marble, granite and slate for the builder, clays for the potter and the brickmaker, and in the foothills is timber in abundance. In the Columbia, the Pen d'Oreille and other valleys which these rich mineral mountains inclose are thousands of acres of the most fertile land imaginable, land upon which all kinds of fruits and cereals are being raised in abundance, amid scenery which is beautiful beyond description.

In speaking of the mineral deposits a recent discovery of tungsten and molybdenite must not be forgotten. There are only seventy tons of tungsten produced in this country annually, and it sells for \$3,000 a ton. It is also produced in Australia, 2,500 tons annually, and in Sweden and Germany, but all of this output is absorbed by the Krupp works, where it is used in hardening steel. Large veins of this metal have been discovered in Stevens county from which can be produced more than 2,000 tons annually. Molybdenite, which sells for \$850 a ton, is produced from a mine in Maine at the rate of 50 or 60 tons a year, and Colorado produces about 150 tons. The vein discovered in Stevens county is six feet wide, 30 feet deep and more than a mile long.

S. GLEN ANDRUS.